

MARVEL

001

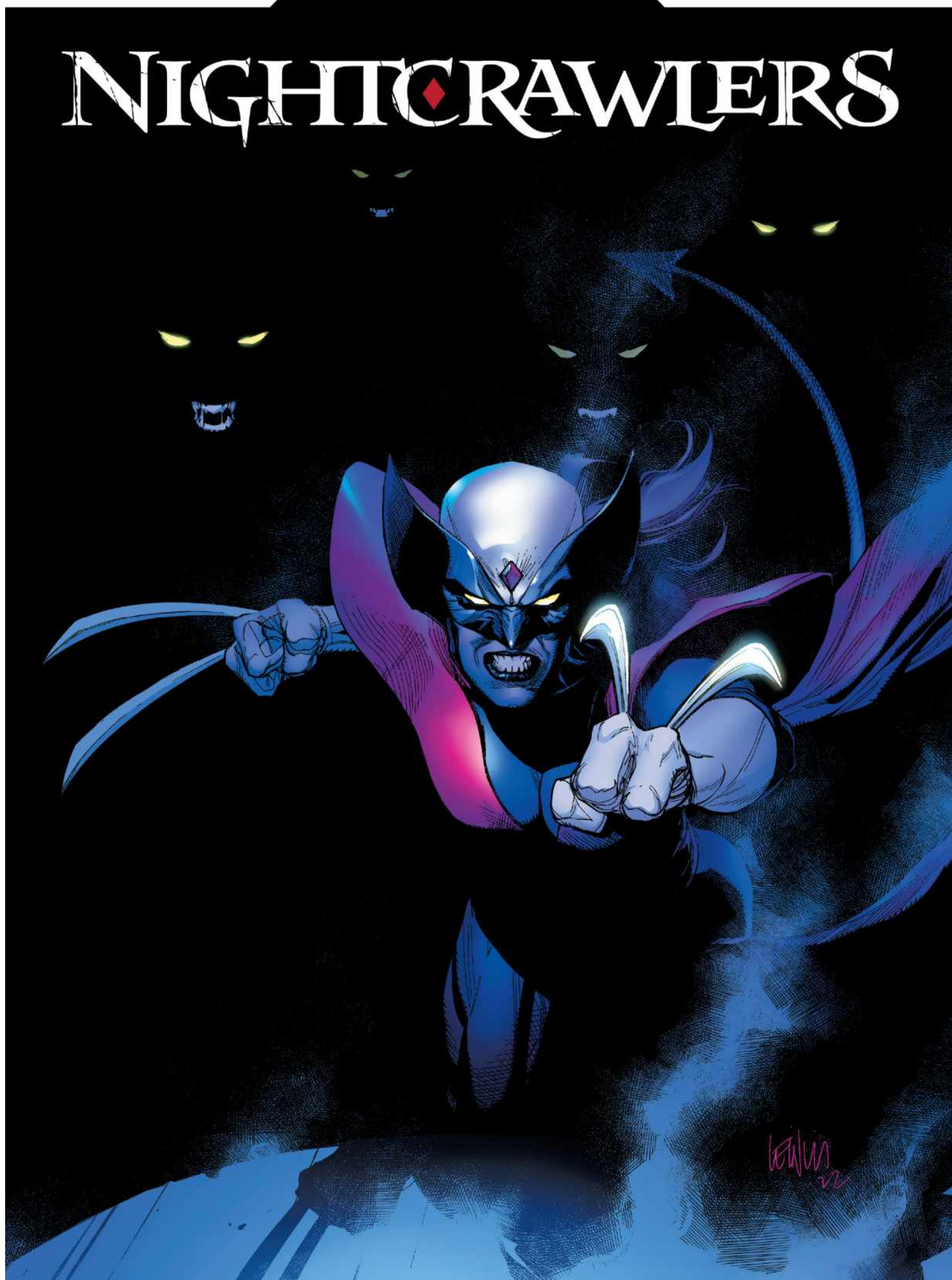
SINS OF SINISTER

[part_]
[_III_]



SPURRIER
MEDINA
RAMOS

NIGHTCRAWLERS



Sanctum Sanctorum,
New Essex (formerly New York).

They're
comin'...

Can ye
not hear 'em,
S.V.? scamperin'
up the walls
like rats...

I hear them,
Banshee.
But the
Mother sent
us to scavenge
for items of power.
We must remain
calm.

BAMF

BAMF

BAMF

BAMF

Calm?! These ain't yer
regular *sinisters*, pal!

All the
occult *eejits* fled to
Otherworld--there's
nothin' left here! We need
to request *extraction*
to the *astral*
realm and--

NO.

It's been a decade since
the Mother bonded us
together, Sean. In that
time, she has not
once rewarded
failure.

I am the
Spirit of Variance.
We need but approach
the problem from a
different angle.

BAMF

@%&...
I don't think
there're any
angles left,
S.V.

BAMF

BAMF

THOMP

It's them!
Sinister's elite!
H-his private
assaaA--

The Legion of the Night.







It worked!
S-sweet mercy,
it worked!

Hurry.
Free as many
of my kin as
you can.

HrrraaAAH!
A flaw! A flaw in
the diamond!

Renegade!
Escapee! Fraternizer
with the unfashionably
attired!

Wh--
what's--?

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Stop!
Stop it, I...
I...

Survivors,
scatter! He can't
scream at us all! I
will inform the

Nnf. Oh
yeah?

Good luck with
that.

BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF



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CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

Ten years have passed since Mister Sinister gained control over humanity and mutantdom. Through the use of Moira MacTaggart clones as "save points" and his own genetic manipulation, Sinister has embedded himself in the resurrection process and wreaked havoc across the globe.

Just prior to Sinister's takeover, Kurt Wagner A.K.A. Nightcrawler was struggling with excess mutation, further transforming his appearance to become more bestial in nature. Despite the savage progression of the mutation, somehow Sinister has been able to stabilize and exploit Nightcrawler's genes -- but not before Kurt himself was consumed by monstrosity.

Since then, Sinister has utilized Kurt's genetic potential by splicing his abilities with other powered individuals to create more of his mutant Chimera. Those born with the powers of the original Nightcrawler form a cadre of unstoppable soldiers known as the Legion of the Night...



[VOX IGNIS]



[WAGNERINE]



[WALLCRAWLER]



[AUNTIE FORTUNE]



[MOTHER RIGHTEOUS]



[DOCTOR STASIS]



[ORBIS STELLARIS]

SINISTER

YEAR 10

NIGHTCRAWLERS

PART 3: "VOICES OF FIRE"

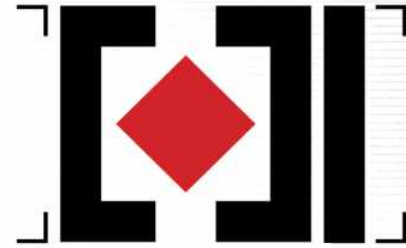
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X-Men created by
Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

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NEW TOYS

SINISTER STUDIES / Experimental Timeline Progress Log [9 years / 2 months / 6 days since activation of Moira savepoint #7]

A delicious dollop of serendipity today.

It's been several years since I grew bored of experimenting with the morphically-maladjusted genotypes filed under R for "REJ-X." (See what I did there?)

I remember quite clearly the day Nightcrawler showed up in my lab sporting a garish set of horns. How delightfully apt! The tedious little godbotherer had spent his entire life bleating like a goat; now the aesthetic matched the intellect.

Alas, whatever caused the secondary mutation resisted all attempts to define or correct. Even the obvious expedient (murder; resurrection) failed to reset the aberration. Nightcrawler's condition worsened and other sufferers soon came to light. Attempts to manipulate their genotypes in the chimera program did not go well. Their nightmarishly twisted forms, while undeniably funny, could not be induced to host my own infectious personality, hence were of little use. Even my brief obsession with monster-fur garments faded. I have always felt that if a puzzle can't be solved by a mind as devastatingly clever as my own, the best course is to shove it down the back of the proverbial filing cabinet and pretend it doesn't exist. Something to worry about in the next playthrough, perhaps.

And yet today, on a whim, I pulled up the file on that fuzzy blue moron and did a little recreational splicing. I've been tinkering a lot with teleportation lately. It's a source of unjustifiable stress-wrinkles that none of my usable specimens can match the precision and agility of Kurt Wagner at his best. I suppose I wanted one last stab at the little worm's DNA, just in case.

To my delight? The genotype is now as pliable as wet clay. I have no idea what has changed and zero interest in finding out. My mind buzzes with one passion and one passion alone:

Finally I can make BAMFSNIKT a thing.

[NB: Mental note. Did I ever actually get around to killing the original Nightcrawler? I should probably check the inventory of the Things That Used To Be Amusing But Now Bore Me archive.]

Luna.

You're late.

The House of the Fall.
Formerly the Summer House.

Aye. S-sorry about that, altogether.

The mission was *complicated*, Mother. We hope you will approve of our findi--

Skip it. Hope's a *shoddy* currency, lads.

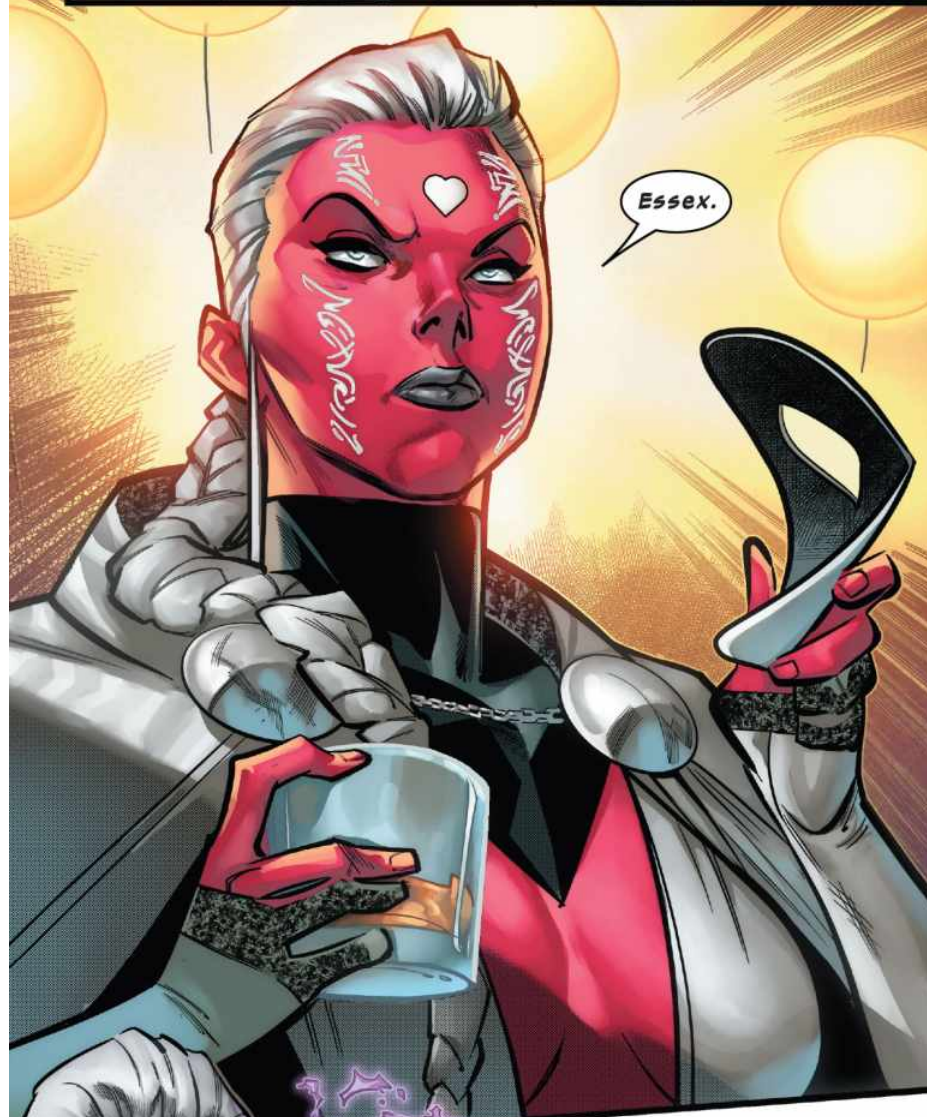
I trade in faith.

Tt. I see you've started *without* me. Sheer bloody *rudeness*. Oof. You could cut the tension in 'ere with a *knife*.

Who the devil are you?

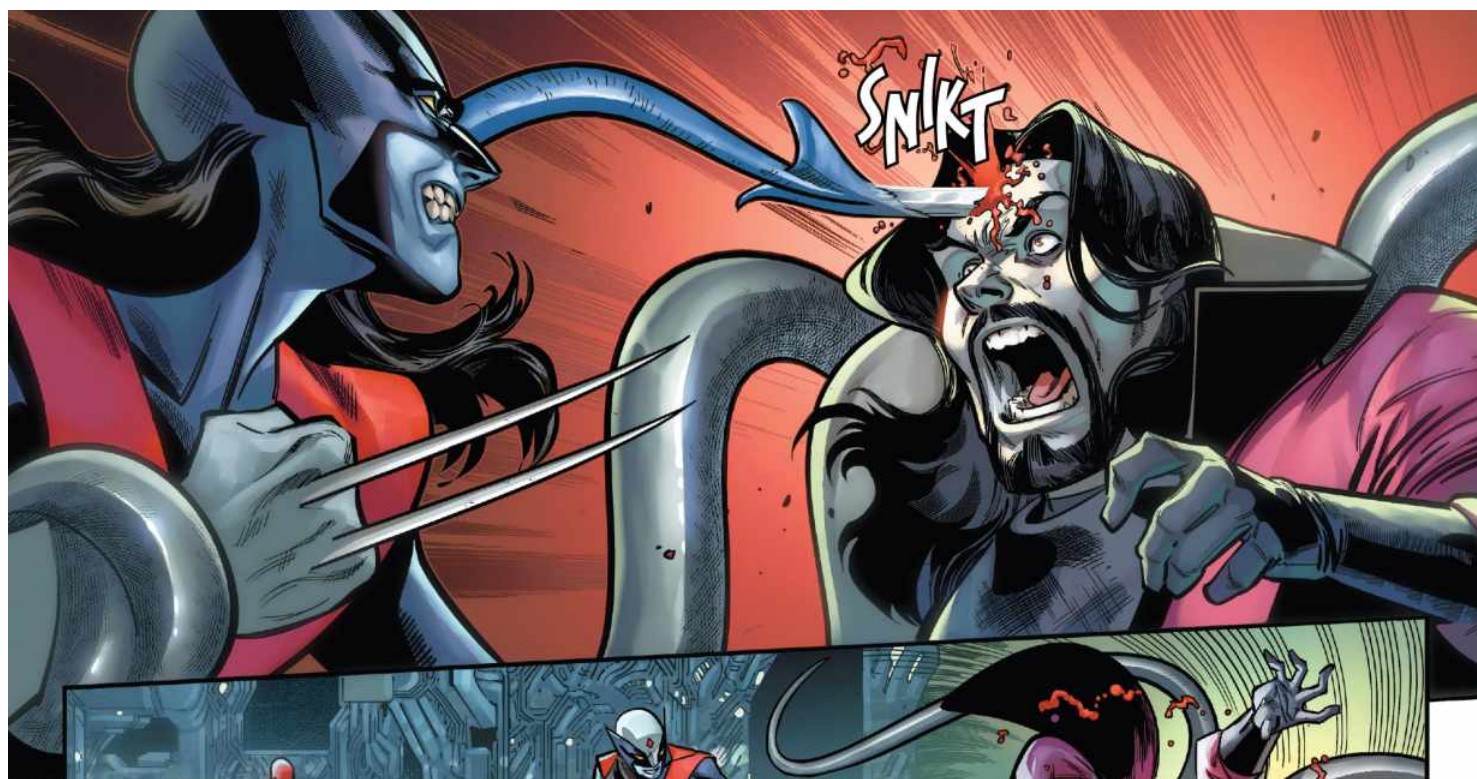
Heh. I'll do the introductions *meself*, shall I?











You know, I was afraid I might actually have to *listen* to his proposal for an *alliance*. I didn't think you could actually do it.

But to turn Sinister's finest killers? *Ingenious*. Now I understand why you cured the *monstrosity* hex.

Spare me the *smoke-blowin' bollocks*, Orbis. You wanted *Stasis* dead-- he's dead.

My price was *answers*.

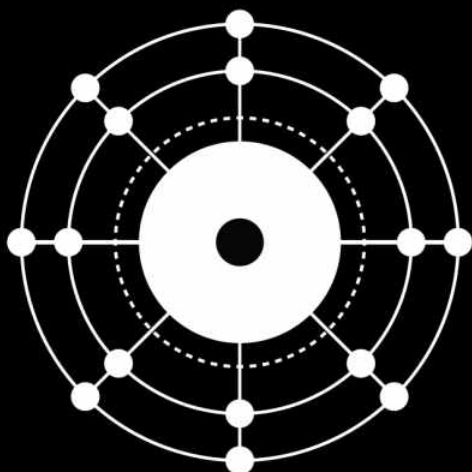


I know you been busy too... I know somethin's got Sinister's *knickers* all in a twist. I'm bettin' it's no coincidence. So:

What's the big *idea*, brother dear?

DOMINION

[sub].....Dominion]
[sub].....WorldFarm]



The highest possible tier of interstellar intelligence, indistinguishable in power from the grandest mythical godheads. Functionally omnivalent, omniscient and -- critically -- omnitemporal, a Dominion's intellect is dense enough to collapse space-time and form a sentient singularity.

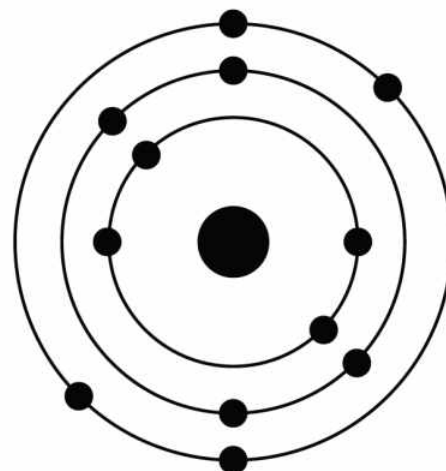
Irrespective of how or when a Dominion formed, having done so *it has always existed, and will always exist.*

Typically Dominions comprise 10 or more unified artificial intelligences at the TITAN level (each being a Type 0 civilization on the Kardashev scale). Other routes to Dominion status are theoretically possible -- albeit highly eccentric -- hinging in most cases upon the utilisation of incomparably advanced circuits of power, probability and processing.

WORLD FARM

An artificially controlled planetary system at the terminator-horizon of the Galactic Rim. Its scale and complexity permits its use as a distributed logic engine of incredible speed and potency. Its occupants, THE PROGENITORS, utilize its innumerable systems to record, analyse, absorb and process all of observable reality, conducting experiments at every level of existence from the quantum to the cosmic. On a SPECIES INTELLIGENCE scale (S.I.), the World Farm is comparable to a STRONGHOLD: an aggressively expanding network of interstellar TITAN intelligences.

Given enough time and input, with sufficient goal-orientation, the possibilities lying open to an overlord of the Worldfarm are theoretically limitless.



Later.

So...you stole Sinister's lab.

Indeed I did. You understand *why*, of course?

Mm-hmm. You didn't want him *resetting* this reality...you couldn't tolerate *stasis* clawing back his power base... and...

Hm. Clever little poppet. Got there in the end.

I have the processing power of the *Worldfarm*. *Crunching possibilities* to find a path to the *highest throne*.

It doesn't matter how long it takes. Nobody can access the *Moirra* clone now. Sinister's chaos will devour all threats to my primacy. And no *fuzzy huckster magic* can come close.

The sword does not fear the cup, sister. Stay out of my way and you have *safe passage* through my dominion. It's the very least I can do--

...and you wouldn't have allowed me to *know* this if I 'ad any chance of *changin'* it...



--to thank you for your help.

ZZZZZZZZZZ

Mother...? M-may I present the--?

Not now. I need to think. I'll call you when I'm ready.

Till then--use 'em. Bring me new resources. New recruits.

New believers.





The Savage Land.

Forgive me puttin' it so *bluntly*, S.V., but--do ye think the Mother'll *thank* us for all this?



New Abyssia.

We don't serve her for the *thanks*, Sean. We serve her because Mother Righteous is on the side of good.



Graymalkin Lane, Westchester.

Everyone's lookin' out for *themselves*. Nobody trusts *anybody*.



The *Crawlers* do.

...Aye, and just as well. They're the only ones the scream actually works on. The only ones we can *set free*. Why *is* that?

This...this is his prime cloning facility. I was made here.

And that *scent*... it's...



--to find a better way.

Avengers Crater.
Formerly Avengers Mountain.

All right, Vox...bring 'em in. Bring 'em in 'umble.



H-holy lady...mistress of the deliverer... scourge of the diamond...we *thank* you for this audience.

We bring *gifts*, taken from the devil's many lairs, in the hope of *service*.



The Book of the Spark. I saved it from a *pyre* on Krakoa. I-it makes me *smile* when my brain hurts.

Limbo rifle. Lucky jump into one of Shaw's armories.

The *Brain of Cortez*. The Sinisters hang them everywhere to boost their powers.

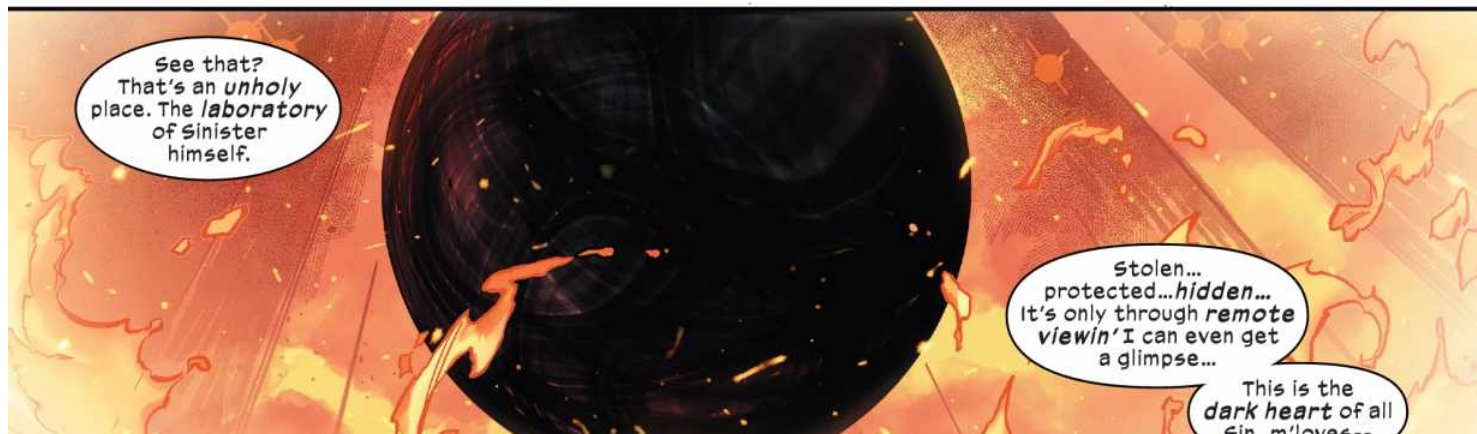
We hooked one up to a *vocalizer*. It screamed. A lot.



Good. Very good. You lot got a *knack* for *nickin'*, ain't you? Only fair you get somethin' in *return*.

Tell you what...how d'you fancy a bona fide *holy vision*, eh?

'Ere. Look into the light.



See that? That's an *unholy* place. The *laboratory* of Sinister himself.

Stolen... protected...*hidden*... It's only through *remote viewin'* I can even get a glimpse...

This is the *dark heart* of all sin. m'loves...











[04_sins_of__X]
[04_sinister_X]

SINS OF SINISTER CHECKLIST

YEAR 10

YEAR 100

YEAR 1000



SINS OF SINISTER #1

STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD
OF MUTANTS #1

NIGHTCRAWLERS #1

IMMORAL X-MEN #1

NIGHTCRAWLERS #2

IMMORAL X-MEN #2

STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD
OF MUTANTS #2

IMMORAL X-MEN #3

STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD
OF MUTANTS #3

NIGHTCRAWLERS #3

SINS OF SINISTER:
DOMINION #1



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